

A Small Aeroplane.

He had always been chilled. There was a boy who was encased in snow. He lived his life surrounded by snow drifts which pressed against him from all sides.

He knew of no other life. He seldom moved and, on the rare occasions when he did, his movement was a digging, melting process which achieved nothing. The snow closed in again behind him and so his life continued just as before.

He never felt the need to eat or go to the toilet and he remained awake for at least 16 hours out of every 24.

When the boy slept he was free to go anywhere in the universe. He had no name.

Once he was a flamingo who worked in a local borough council office as a minor civil servant (or "silver serpent" as he liked to call it).

Another time he was a sound wave trapped in the empty space between planets where there is insufficient cosmic dust to permit sound to travel.

On another occasion he lived as a hermit gathering herbs and fruits and feeding them to his pet griffin in a little house which they had built underneath the dusty bits at the bottom of a disused furnace.

On many occasions he took part in major important decision making conferences with the infinite monkeys, the gods of irony and the committee of the babushkas.

It was around about three o'clock on a Thursday or Tuesday afternoon when he suddenly awoke from his slumbers and noticed that something odd was happening in the sky above his head. The sun had come out from behind the clouds. This had never happened before. Startled by the strange weather the boy began counting fragments of snow until he was safely asleep again. A crow criticised him for this but was shooed away by a flock of aggressive turtledoves.

In his dream the boy accepted a position as a lock keeper on the River Styx and struck up a friendship with Charon the boatman. A newspaper informed him that a cabbage had been crowned king of the land.

The boy began making a small hand cranked music box from bits and pieces of wood and metal which he often found in his head. He sighed. Life was good.

Peter D. Smith - Wednesday the 24th of May, 2023. 8.19 in the morning (B.S.T.)